

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 20 No. 44

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, May 22, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Law Cards.

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VAIN SICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public
ACADEMY, W. VA.

Will practice in all the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. C. MCNEIL,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
Attorney-at-Law
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE,
PRESTON & WALLACE
Attorneys-at-Law
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections.

T. S. MCNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. A. BRATTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

Physicians' Cards.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M.D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered. Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty. Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

WOODS AND WATER

A Department in Which the Sportsman who Wields the Pen May Get Back to the Man who Beats him Fish by Telling it Happened

Williams River: Its Possibilities

Trees: Lying on its Banks. Keeping Warm by the Light of the Moon

We suppose that one time there was no water that could compare with Williams River as a trout stream. While a great many other creeks, with no more fishing than is done in Williams River are played out, each season Williams River furnishes its quota of trout, the supply seeming to vary in accordance to whether the

water was shivering, and all the wood was most

ven of refuge, and Williams River will continue to furnish good sport after the other streams in the country have failed, unless the United States Government takes the matter in hand and restoeks them, which it seems very much inclined to do.

Williams River flows in the shape of a horse-shoe, without a bend at Beaver Dam and the other at the mouth of Day's Run. It is seven or eight miles around the bend, and some thing like three miles straight across. To walk from Marlinton and fish around the river is a good two day's journey, and if the weather is seasonable it well repays the trip. We did it in one day once, but do not care to do it again.

We have done most of our trout fishing around this bend, and have laid out along its banks many kinds of weather. We will mention one trip.

The sun came out bright next morning, and with its light cooked a lot of trout. It was so cold that we were in no hurry to fish, but staid by the fire as long as it lasted.

We had been going camping with our older brother and friends several years, but one year no one was available, and a pall of mine about the same age and experience thought we would like to try it by ourselves. We took about four times enough bread and other things that was necessary, and each of us had a back load that would have done credit to a man. The only thing we lacked was a shooting iron, but we could find nothing available. I had access to a rifle, and my pardner had a shotgun, but both were too heavy.

We wanted a gun most desper-

ately bad, but there was none to be borrowed, so we had to go without.

We got everything in readiness on Thursday evening for an early start next morning. The weather had been warm that week, but

Thursday evening was a little cool

and gave promise of a cold wave, but we had the smell of the pine in our nostrils, and in our mind pictured the flash of the trout as he leaped for the bait.

It was real cold next morning, with the sky somewhat overcast, but we got up way before the older folks were wake enough to think of preventing us.

We walked out pretty fast, and with our big packs were pretty comfortable. We went out across the Red Lick flats and cause on to Mountain Lick Run, well up towards the head, about sun-rise.

There was a little frost on the ground and in the deep hollows it was rather cold, but the trout bit fairly well. We were warm from our exercise, but the damp hollow and occasional plunge into the icy water soon chilled our blood, and the fish slime soon had our hands so numb that we could not bait our hooks. We were intent on fishing however, and by helping each other bait, one holding the worm with both hands while the other stuck the hook in him, we got along fairly well until we got to the river, where the sun was shining warm enough to be comfortable.

We fished along slowly down the river, catching a good lot of large trout, for this was before the river was fished as much as now, and the water was in fine condition.

We fished carefully, and waited long for bites, having not yet learned the usual way of trout fishing, a few casts in each hole, besides we felt it our duty to catch every trout in the river as we went, for getting that we might want to come back some time. What fish we did not catch must have been pretty thoroughly scared by our continued fishing, which is proven by the fact that a man fishing behind us the two days had not as many small fish as we had large ones, when he overtook us on Saturday evening.

Whether the trout bite unusually well that day, or whether it was because we had been used to the waiting game of the fish of Greenbrier I have always thought I have never seen fish so hungry. We barely took time for dinner, and fished too late that evening, and consequently had trouble with our culinary endeavors.

Some time in the afternoon the sky became overcast, but we took no notice until the failing light made us look for a place to build a fire. We remembered being told of a bark camp at the mouth of Black Mountain Run. We knew that we had not passed this river, but how far below us it was we knew not. Luckily we soon came in sight of it and made arrangements to spend the night.

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ON TO GRAFTON

The 11th Incident of the Civil War.

2d. Installment of Diary of Osborne Wilson, of Monterey, Va. Story of a Young Confederate Volunteer.

Stock arms and lie down and sleep well. Got up this morning and marched over 8 miles, and reached Pruntytown, Taylor county about 12 m. March to Court House: Dixie is sung and a very patriotic song is made. Men complain very much of fatigue. Company is divided into squads of 15 and taken by the secession citizens and given their dinner. 500 men must have come.

It had gotten colder, and both

men campers, but we raked together what we thought would keep us warm, if used with judgment and economy. We could not fry the fish to do any good, in the smoky fire, but made a tolerable supper off of corn pone and maple sugar, and then started in to sleep. I managed to go to sleep from force of habit, not because of a full belly or comfortable bed. Partner stayed awake by the fire and waked me up by pulling me out of danger just as a soggy log rolled off the top. I had drawn inch by inch nearer the fire, and had gotten a little too close. I thought it was about morning, but the moon was just coming up, and remembered it was nearly 10 o'clock when it raised the night before.

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